

THE COMET.

VOL. I.

JOHNSON CITY, TENN., SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1884.

NO. 11.

Neal Dow declares that he has converted Petrolina V. Naby to the prohibition creed.

A new vault is being placed in the Treasury Building at Washington that will be capable of holding \$75,000,000 of specie.

It is estimated that the dogs on exhibition at the bench show in Madison Square Garden, New York, last week, are worth \$350,000.

The youngest son of General Lee is a successful farmer near Richmond, and the youngest son of General Grant is a lame duck in Wall street.

The State of the Florida shipwreck and the Grant & Ward failure are alike in one respect: The more we learn about them, the worse they appear.

During the year 1883 the railways of Great Britain killed 1,230 persons and injured 8,123 persons. And yet Englishmen are always talking about the dangers of traveling in the United States.

A woman in Canada has been granted a divorce because her husband yoked her up with a steer. Now, why doesn't she sue the minister or squire who yoked her up with the other brute?

It is calculated that there are now residing in the United States nearly a thousand Japanese, and of this number it is said that not one has ever been convicted of any criminal offense in an American court.

The trustees of Earlham College, at Richmond, Ind., have decided to erect a new building, to cost \$450,000, and elect three new professors. This is the leading college of the Society of Friends in the West.

At a meeting of the John Hopkins Literary Society in Baltimore, poems in 15 different languages, including Chinese, Japanese, modern Greek, Danish, and Norwegian, were recited and translations were given.

The Governor of the State of Colima, Mexico, has commissioned Emilio Mahlo to map the Lake of San Pedro, with a view to draining it. It is supposed that this lake is the cause of the annual yellow fever epidemics.

Louis Schaefer, a rich Democrat of Canton, Ohio, is practical in his career of Thomas Jefferson's good work for mankind. Mr. Schaefer offers to Mrs. Miekloham, Jefferson's granddaughter, a home in his house as long as she may live.

Mr. Cockrell, announcing in the Senate the other day his pair upon a motion, said: "I am paired with Senator Morrill, of Vermont, who is absent to-day, for the first time during twenty-nine years of service in the Congress of the United States."

The site of the historic Black Hole of Calcutta, which was discovered several months ago and excavated, has been filled up and decently paved over. A handsome tablet of white marble, bearing a suitable inscription, is about to be placed near the spot.

A broadcloth Prince Albert coat, pantaloons of dusky rotundity, a shining shirt bosom, white necktie, a plug hat, brown-black locks of hair hanging down her neck. That's how Dr. Mary Walker looks as she walks up Pennsylvania avenue to the Capitol.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson told a friend in Chattanooga the other day that she had talked with numerous old Southern soldiers who had fought the war through and who she knew would respond quickly to the call of arms to protect the Union as they did in 1861 to save it.

Astronomers tell us in their own simple, intelligible way that the gradual lengthening of the days is due to the "obliquity of the ecliptic of the terrestrial horizon." This ought to act as a refreshing tonic, that the days are longer because the sun rises earlier and sets later.

Miss Kane, the Chicago lawyer, was appointed by Judge Williamson, of the Criminal Court, Saturday, to represent a number of moneyless and attorneyless boys who are about to be tried for various crimes. The Judge expects her to be as a mother to the motherless.

Miss Chamberlain, known as a beauty, will pass the summer at Newport. It is she of whom an admirer writes: "She effects a combination of white and silver in all her gowns and it is remarkably harmonious with her golden hair, exquisite Italian coloring and delicate features."

It is the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Eccleston that San Francisco is the Paris of America, in the fondness of the people for amusement, their love of display, their disregard of religion, and their reckless habits of speculation. He also notes that California has proportionately more suicides than any other State, and he finds prolific causes in dissipation, financial embarrassment, and domestic trouble.

Mr. Gilley, of Nottingham, N. H., says that he reasonably hopes to live to the age of 100 years. At 93 he is in good health and enjoys life, taking particular pleasure in reading the reports of the proceedings in the United States Senate, of which he once was a member.

Life insurance companies make a discrimination against the negro on the theory that his life is shorter than that of the white man. Some experts believe this to be erroneous, and the Massachusetts Legislature passed a bill forbidding such distinction; but Gov. Robinson hesitates to append his signature.

"Senator Edmunds' alleged great wealth," says the Boston Journal, "has been the theme of so much talk in certain quarters that it may be well to give the summary of his list as just furnished to the assessors, at Burlington. It is as follows: Personal property, \$56,825; real property, \$15,120; poll tax, \$2; total tax, \$72,145."

The latest investigations of M. Bloch into the rapidity of perceptive power seem to show that studied vision is quickest in its operation, and auditory perception occupies the seventy-second part of a second longer. Touch requires the twenty-first part of a second longer for transmission than a visual perception.

A. H. Andrews, of Chicago, has been commissioned to make the gavel that shall be used at the June convention in Chicago. He has sent to every State and Territory for pieces of wood to be used in making the gavel. Rock maple from Maine, bird's-eye from Vermont and beech from New Hampshire already have been received.

"I never cared to vote before this year," said Emma Abbott, "but this time I wish women had a ballot, and if I had a vote it would be cast for General Sherman. He's a grand old man. The only thing they can say against him is that he's fond of kissing pretty girls. But where's the man that isn't? I wouldn't even trust Mr. Silden."

From a French state paper, lately brought to light, it appears that in 1770 the following Parliamentary decree was solemnly passed and duly registered under King Louis XV: "Whosoever, by means of red or white paint, perfumes, essences, artificial teeth, false hair, cotton wool, iron corsets, hoops, shoes with high heels, or false hips, shall seek to entice into the hands of marriage any male subject of his Majesty, shall be prosecuted for witchcraft, and declared incapable of matrimony."

William D. Kelley characterizes as without foundation the story that he is in poor health; that the cancer from which he suffered so severely last summer has returned, and that his friends are anxious that he should be appointed as Minister to Spain or Italy in hopes that a more genial climate may prolong his life. Mr. Kelley says that his general health is excellent; that there is no symptom of a return of the cancer, and that he would accept no position under the government save that which he now occupies.

The chance of the Chicago hotel keepers making a profit out of the National Conventions seems to be brighter than that of any single candidate for the Presidential nomination. The facilities for lodging guests are being temporarily increased by partitioning the large rooms and parlors into tiny bedrooms, and by turning the servants' quarters and working departments into places for lodging. As to the provision of food for the expected crowds, there seems to be some doubt about the adequacy of the preparation.

President White tells the Cornell Alumni Association that he sees real improvement in university life within the last fifteen years. He thinks that many follies and absurdities, which used to pass unchallenged because public opinion outside of college was not brought to bear upon them, have been scorched and shriveled out of existence by popular indignation uttered through the press. He expects to see the maltreatment of fellow students, the insulting of professors and the attempts by classes to discipline the faculty entirely eliminated very soon from the colleges.

William King, a very rich London Merchant, who loved life, adopted a curious scheme to lengthen the period of his declining days. He willed \$1,000 to his physician, with the proviso that the sum should be doubled every year that the testator should be kept alive. The second year the sum became \$2,000; the third year, \$4,000; the fourth, \$8,000; the fifth, \$16,000; the sixth, \$32,000; the seventh, \$64,000; the eighth, \$128,000; the ninth, \$256,000; the tenth, \$512,000. Upon the death of Mr. King, a few weeks ago, the physician was paid \$750,000, between ten and eleven years having passed since the agreement.

Emma Abbott, speaking presumably from experience, tells how to powder your face without ruining your skin. First, never use powder with any lead in it. Before you apply the powder anoint your face with glycerine. Wipe the glycerine all off, then put the powder on in an artistic manner. After you are done with your complexion take it off by rubbing vasoline on it, then wash thoroughly in soap and water.

A dramatic paper tells of a man whose livelihood is gained by painting the faces of amateur actors and actresses. Nearly all of the professionals do this work for themselves. He gets \$9 a night at an evening entertainment, and has entire charge of every face that goes on the stage. For \$20 he will provide all necessary wig and whiskers. He goes to the theatre at 7 o'clock, selects a room, places a chair in front of a mirror, and is ready for work. The men are easily treated. As a rule, all they need is little rouge on their chins, shaded eyebrows, and whitened foreheads. The make-up of the women is much more difficult. A man is usually so astonished by his beautified appearance after he has been painted that he has little to do beyond admiring himself in the glass. The reverse, however, is true of society actresses. They are never satisfied.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines has won another victory. She has been contesting for her claim to about 38,000 acres of land in New Mexico, which grew out of the two grants made in 1803 and 1806 by competent Spanish authority, the title coming to her through her father, General Clark. The Supreme Court having confirmed the validity of the original grant, the House of Representatives has decided, by a large majority, to pay her claim at the rate of \$1.25 per acre or about \$48,000. Mrs. Gaines is now an old woman, and it is a question whether her life, spent in tedious litigation, even though she has in the end been successful, has been as happy as it would have been if she had never brought a suit and passed it in peace, yet one cannot help but admire her indomitable pluck, and congratulate her upon her success.

Boston merchants are rivaling one another in rather questionable advertising devices. A clothier removed all the goods from his show window, and put in their place a live monkey. For days the sidewalk was blocked with spectators, and policemen had to be detailed to preserve order. The free menagerie became such a nuisance that the Mayor decided it to be in the nature of a show suppressed it as a place of unlicensed amusement. Another turned his windows, which were very spacious, into a wax works exhibition surpassing in horror the objects in the crypt of the Eden Musee. This drew immense multitudes, and, as some of the exhibits were decidedly objectionable, the proprietor achieved his object in being talked about by the whole town. A third man attracted attention more pleasantly. He converted the plate glass of his store front into immense mirrors, in which gazers simply saw themselves more or less satisfactorily.

Cash Killed.
COLUMBIA, S. C., May 15.—W. Bogan Cash, the murderer of Marshal Richards, was shot and killed by a sheriff's posse while resisting arrest at his home, near Cheraw, this morning.

Governor Thompson received the following this morning:
"CHERAW, S. C., May 15.—To Gov. Hugh Thompson: I went with a posse last night to arrest W. B. Cash. I instructed the men not to fire unless absolutely necessary. We surrounded the house and barn, placed two men between the house and barn and two between the barn and the swamp. Finding Cash in the barn I ordered it surrounded. Cash came out and fired. The fire was returned after Cash had fired several shots. He was killed, being riddled with bullets. None of the posse were struck except W. H. Hilton, whose finger was shot off by Cash."
[Signed] "E. L. King, Deputy Marshal."

Mrs. Langtry.
NEW YORK, May 17.—In suit of Arthur Elwood, the actor, against Mrs. Langtry for alleged breach of contract the jury to-day returned a verdict in favor of Mrs. Langtry. She was present in court and attracted much attention. When asked why she had dispensed with Mr. Elwood's services, she replied: "Because he was indifferent in his acting." As Mrs. Langtry left the court room she remarked that people would get tired of suing her, bye and bye.

CHATTANOOGA, May 12.—The heaviest single strawberry shipment ever made in the South was made to-night, 2,600 crates being shipped. It is thought fully 2,000 crates will be shipped to-morrow.

A VOICE FROM CANNON COUNTY.

Special to the Nashville World.
WOODBURY, May 16.—I see Dr. Norton gives an excuse for supporting Judge Reid for Governor that Reid made a good Confederate soldier. I have never heard of Judge Reid losing any blood in the lost cause. But W. B. Bate not only made a gallant soldier, but was shot all to pieces and bears the effect of his wounds to this day. The idea of a man giving such an excuse for deserting his party, when he sees the gallant Bate hobbling along the streets of Nashville day by day on one leg and a piece. Has he forgotten that Gov. Bate was also a Confederate soldier, and the bravest among the brave of all the gallant sons of Tennessee—the Marshall Ney of the South. A man who has fought a thousand battles for his country and party, and not one against either. A man who has been true to his principles, to his friends and his section, and never deserted either.

Reid made a good soldier, did he? So did Benedict Arnold; but he deserted his country in time of sore distress, and he filled a traitor's grave. England rewarded his treachery, but despised the traitor. The Republicans have rewarded Reid, but in their hearts they despise him.
Morton says Reid called on his comrades "to dress on him for ninety-nine years or the war." And yet, when the war closed he joined those very enemies and aided them in oppressing and disfranchising the very men he had induced and encouraged to continue the fight. This is the hero that soldiers are called on to worship. Morton must have a poor opinion of the men who fought on either side of the great struggle, if he thinks that there is a gallant or true soldier, Federal or Confederate, who does not in his heart despise and condemn Reid's course, in deserting his comrades in arms. Let a man be true to his friends and his principles and his enemies will respect him. But if he deserts either he deserves the condemnation of every good man. No man should be prescribed North or South, on account of his position during the late war. Men differed and differed honestly. Those who were true to their convictions had the respect of their opponents. I am a Confederate soldier, and yet the archives of the Capitol will show that, day after day, in 1875, I voted for Andrew Johnson for United States Senator. I am proud of my vote till this day. Johnson was true to his principles, his friends and his section, and never deserted either. When the war closed, and the Union was saved, he used his power and position to stem the tide of fanaticism, which would have made conquered provinces of the South. Where, then, was Morton's herd? Was he fighting to save the liberty and property of the men whom he had induced to continue the struggle against the United States Government? Nay, he deserted them, joined their enemies, and was aiding them in oppressing his old comrades. This is the hero of the feast, at which soldiers are invited to banquet. Ye gods! it would turn the stomach of a buzzard. No, no Morton; no ex-Confederate man can accept your invitation to such a feast; nor do I believe you can induce any one to do so. Evil will be the times, and the country on the sure and rapid road to ruin and decay, when the morals of men have been so corrupted that they will honor a man who deserted his principles, his comrades in arms and his country. This is the answer of every true soldier, citizen and patriot, to your card of invitation. Mr. Morton excuse us; we cannot accept. Respectfully, JAMES A. JONES.

Afraid to Call on Blaine.
An Ohio delegate to the Chicago Convention was in the city last week. "Let's go call on Blaine," said a friend to him. "No," replied the delegate, "I won't do it. I am for John Sherman for President, and before I left home I was warned not to call on Blaine if I didn't want to get myself in trouble. They said that if Blaine got a chance to exercise his magnetism on me, he'd make me vote for him in spite of myself. I won't risk calling on him. I am afraid of him." So far as is known, none of the Blaine delegates have been afraid to risk themselves in the presence of the magnetic Sherman or the charming Edmunds.

The Class Gathering.
"Where is the bar?" asked a gentleman hurriedly, as he registered at a Chicago hotel.

"Just around to the left, sir."

"Where is the bar?" asked another gentleman at the same place a moment later.

"Just around to the left, sir."

"Where is the bar?"

"Just around to the left, sir. By Jove," the clerk continued, "the delegates are beginning to come in."

JUDGE REID'S SUICIDE.

MT. STEELING, KY., May 16.—Friends and relatives have been coming all day to the residence of Richard Reid to comfort the sick and distressed, and to pay the last solemn debts to the dead. All day there has been an untended quilt, and people seem to attend to their business with a listless, nonchalant air that betokens a deep feeling of abstraction and sorrow. It is a fact, and was generally remarked, that for days prior to the Judge's death, he was in feature and in bearing the semblance of his former self. Deep circles of dark haloed his eyes. His face had lost somewhat of its fullness. In walking he carried his head down in a most unusual manner. Wednesday he seated himself in the midst of a small crowd of people in the court house yard, and sat for several minutes without saying a word, showing a listlessness of manner that was noticed by all present. The night before his death he was out several miles from town canvassing, in company with H. M. Woodford, our County Attorney. He stated to him that since the attack on him by Cornelson he had not slept a half-dozen hours. He gave vent to words that expressed his deep dejection. He remarked, among other things, that if there had to be killing he would rather it be himself than his assailant.

Cornelson received the intelligence of Reid's death with blanched cheek and faltering voice. God only knows the fearful effect which those words had upon him. Being advised to go home, as his presence might cause some disturbance, he protested, but said he would go in a few minutes. Later he went to his home.

There was not much feeling here against him. Most people believe that he is an honest man, and that if he did err in his conclusions as to the guilt of Reid, he did no more than a man having the strongest circumstances to judge from would have done. If his conclusions were such as would reasonably have created the impression on his mind of his friend's guilt, and which would have induced any man of ordinary intelligence to have assailed his defamer, it is given as the opinion of one of our best lawyers here that his actions were somewhat pardonable. None doubted his courage. He showed how deeply he considered the mortification which the words of a Court's opinion caused him.

Your correspondent has seen and talked with him frequently, and the tenor of his words was about what he considered the greatest grievance an honest man could bear. He has suffered greatly, judging from his appearance—the sunken, lackluster eye, the hollow cheek, with its ghastly whiteness.

He left on the east-bound midnight train for his distant destination last night. Few know that he is absent. Only one or two recognized the lone passenger on his solitary journey. His wife and children were left behind him. He has eight children the oldest of whom is fourteen.

The Judges of the Appellate and Superior Courts will be Reid's pallbearers, and the funeral is to take place at the family residence to-morrow at 3 o'clock p. m. The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad have made arrangements for a special car to leave here after the funeral services for Lexington and points below for the benefit of those who desire to attend and return home the same evening.

Chattanooga.
CHATTANOOGA, TENN., May 17.—A south-bound freight train on the Georgia division of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad was wrecked last night by an axle breaking on a trestle near Dalton. Sixteen fine horses were killed and considerable damage done. The New England editors were delayed twelve hours by the accident.

A freight and construction train on the Alabama Great Southern railroad collided near Carthage to-day. Both trains were badly wrecked, but the hands escaped by jumping off.

Kilbourne Accepts \$20,000.
Judge Hagner decided the other day upon the motion to set aside the verdict for \$37,500 obtained by Hallet Kilbourne against Sergeant-at-Arms Thompson that if Kilbourne would remit \$17,500 of the award he would deny the motion. Kilbourne's counsel consented to remit the amount mentioned, and accordingly entered up judgment for \$20,000. This does not, however, necessarily end the case, and District Attorney Worthington says he will file a bill of exceptions.

GRAPHIC.—Dibdin had a horse which he used to call "Graphic." "Very odd name!" said a friend. "Not at all," responded Tom. "When I bought him, it was Buy-o-Graphic; when I mounted him, it's Top-o-Graphic; and, when I want him to go, it's Gee-o-Graphic."

Lightning Jerkers.

The telegraph service in Washington is said to have no superior either in Europe or America. I had a brief chat with a gentleman who is a recognized authority on all such matters, only a few days since, and he said: "The fastest sender in America is Mr. P. V. De Graw. Some years ago a congressional committee went over to New York and examined the offices of the Western Union. The members were taken in charge by Mr. Walter P. Phillips, who is now general manager of the United Press association, and who is recognized as the fastest receiver in the business. Mr. Phillips sat down at the 'clicker' and telegraphed Mr. De Graw to give an exhibition of his fast sending, for ten minutes. Chronometers were taken out, and Mr. De Graw began. At the expiration of the ten minutes he had telegraphed four hundred and ninety words, an average of forty-nine words a minute. Mr. De Graw has charge of the work at the capital for the United Press association, and occasionally goes to a wire and sends so fast that the receiver has no difficulty in knowing who it is in Washington that is rattling the sounds with such rapidity. Some time ago Mr. Phillips made a bet with an operator in New York that he could telegraph an editorial at the rate of forty words a minute, for ten consecutive minutes. Now Phillips is recognized as the fastest receiver in the United States, but since his attack of partial paralysis of the right arm, occasioned from over work, he is regarded as a slow 'sender.' The New York operator snapped up the bet in a hurry, but Mr. Phillips accomplished the feat with ease. The secret leaked out after a while that Phillips had written the editorial, and the peculiarity of it was that it did not contain a word of more than nine letters. Mr. James, of the Associated Press, sends the most perfect Morse of any man in the country, and there are a number of others who are noted as telegraphers, but those I have mentioned are known all over the union."

Vanderbilt Painted on Marble.

Wm. H. Vanderbilt's portrait has been painted by a London artist on a marble slab an inch thick. The likeness appears on the other side of the slab equally as good. It is not only on the marble, but in the marble and through it, and cannot be eliminated from it. You may grind on it all day with pumice stone and you cannot hurt it. So long as even a shaving is left the portrait remains unharmed. Split it up with a saw and every slice is two portraits.

The portrait is life-like, the skin being flesh color, the hair and whiskers light brown, as if on the verge of turning to gray, and the coat dark brown. Mr. Vanderbilt has not seen it as yet. It is valued at \$2,500.

The process by which this kind of work is done is something of a secret. The portrait is first painted on the marble. When dry the slab is placed flat on a car and rolled into an upright oven of modern temperature. Under the car is an open tray full of water, which is heated slowly by gas. After being subjected for some time to a slow steaming process the slab is suddenly transferred to another oven with a temperature of 300 degrees, and kept there till the process is completed. When removed the colors are found to have penetrated the marble, and the picture appears on the other side.

A Lion Tamer Killed by Lionesses.

A terrible accident took place the other day at Auxonne, by which one of the men connected with a menagerie, which is now being exhibited there, lost his life in a cruel manner. The unfortunate man was showing the beasts to some friends, and in passing before a cage containing a lion and two lionesses he had the imprudence to put one of his arms between the bars for the purpose of stroking the lion's mane. With a terrific bound the lionesses immediately sprang at the man's arm, in which they buried their claws, while the lion, by a single snap of his teeth, severed the arm clean from the shoulder. The unfortunate victim was taken away by another attendant, who was obliged to beat the beasts back into their cage with a three-pronged fork. The man died in hospital on Sunday morning in the most terrible pain.

Magnificently Lighted.

Several electric light companies are having a lively time at Washington, competing for the job of lighting that beautiful city. Pennsylvania avenue is splendidly lighted from Fourteenth street to the Capitol by two very powerful lights placed inside of reflectors. One is on the roof of the treasury building and the other on the base of the dome of the Capitol. Although they are over a mile apart, it is said the street is nearly as light as day. It would seem as if that idea might be adopted in other cities to advantage and with economy.

A teamster—the whip.

A kiss is often taken for granted. Always forgive your enemies—especially those you can't lick. Delegates not instructed may be guided by the barrel. Advice to the Seventh Regiment. If you wish to be good workmen, study your Creedmoor.

The worst thing about a handsome woman is some other fellow's arm than your own.

What sort of a little girl will she be after you are married awhile? A little conjugal, of course.

If you would pronounce "wood," and could pronounce "good," why isn't Gould pronounced "good?"

Barnum's sacred white elephant is probably a female elephant. Its name is "Toung Tokang."

Some of our base-ball seem to have been vaccinated. They can't catch anything.

A philosopher says: "Woman is an enigma." We don't know about the enigma, but she is often a ma.

The man who always remembers the poor is the fellow whose impetuous relations won't let him forget them.

"This is fun," ironically yelled an angry man who sat on a tack. It was more likely at satire.

For the building season: When does the carpenter most use his adze? When he is making out his bill.

A fashion writer says "raised figures produce an excellent effect." They do, raised on the gallows.

A spring house is a house with a spring in it, and a Spring bonnet is usually worn above a waterfall.

The latest form of the jersey is to have ribs of silk, with lace between, on the outside. Formerly it was the ribs on the inside that used to show.

In Siberia a man can buy a wife for eight dogs, but in this country it is dogs sometimes that prevent a man from getting a wife.

Why women will kiss each other is more than we can catch onto—there isn't a particle of yum-yum in such kisses.

"Toilet Secrets for homely Women" is the title of a late book. Bet you there won't be many of 'em called for in this town.

It is as hard for a curious Postmaster to pass a good hand of postal cards without seeing them as it is for a gossip to "go by" without calling.

"Do you believe in cremation?" asked a dude of Miss Dudine. "Yes, my dear. Ice cremation." Poor dude clapped his hand on his empty pocket-book and fainted.

"If men knew all that women think they would be twenty times more arduous," says an exchange. We don't think they would, now—along about house-cleaning time, anyway.

A question for puzzle-solvers: In walking with a young lady not over seventeen years, pretty, and one of the never-get-dizzy sort, does the young man go around the lady, or does the lady go around the young man?

A Jack Tar of the name of Bill Blunt, was once hauled into a lady's presence, at a sailors ball, to apologize for an alleged insult. "Miss L—, I understand I have insulted you?" quoth Bill. "You told me to go to Jericho." "Well," said Bill, "I have come at the request of several persons to tell you that you needn't go."

Come into court one day, Erskine perceived the ankle of Mr. Balfour—who generally expressed himself in a very circumlocutory manner—tied up in a silk handkerchief. "Why, what's the matter?" said he.

"I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's grounds, when, coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of blood."

"You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you must have broken your neck."

Proof Positive.

A small boy testified, in an Austin justice's court, that the affray took place on a Sunday.

"How do you know it was on Sunday?"

"Because that day I had to go to the side door of the saloon to get beer for dinner."

Perjury in the Sharon Suit.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13.—Mrs. Martha Wilson, colored, and H. L. Weeks, who first testified on behalf of Miss Hill in the Sharon divorce case, and when called by the defense later swore that their first testimony was false, were arrested last evening for perjury. Bail in each case was fixed at \$20,000.